carried the coffin to its resting-place; of how he had turned for a last look and seen a pair of great grey lovely doves on the grave. And he told me how he had recently visited the spot, cutting his way to it; how it was forgotten and how none were left to mourn ; how there and back again he did not see a single bird. Then he shrugged his shoulders with a characteristic Tahitian expression which is an echo of an old cry. Nothing matters. " All is vanity." He himself would go soon. He would be buried at sea.

In the mouth of the valley down which the river flows to the coral reef smoking in the Pacific sun, stands a church of the Latter Day Saints, Josephite Connection; and opposite Neaa's place, one of the rich Chinamen, who are acquiring all the district, has cut his curious circular Chinese graveyard plainly and very neatly in the green hill-side.

But " Martin Eden " kept his dream.